

Cor. Nothing.  
 Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.  
 Cor. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heare  
 My heart into my mouth, I loue your Maieſty  
 According to my bond, no more nor leſſe.  
 Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your ſpeech a little,  
 Leſt you may marre your Fortunes.  
 Cor. Good my Lord,  
 You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.  
 I returne thoſe duties backe as are right fit,  
 Obey you, Loue you, and moſt Honour you.  
 Why haue my Siſters Husbands, if they ſay  
 They loue you all? Happily when I ſhall wed,  
 That Lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry  
 Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,  
 Sure I ſhall neuer marry like my Siſters.  
 Lear. But goes thy heart with this?  
 Cor. I my good Lord.  
 Lear. So young, and ſo vtender?  
 Cor. So young my Lord, and true.  
 Lear. Let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dowre:  
 For by the ſacred radiance of the Sunne,  
 The miſeries of *Heccat* and the night:  
 By all the operation of the O. bes,  
 From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be,  
 Heere I diſclaime all my Paternall care,  
 Propinquity and property of blood,  
 And as a ſtranger to my heart and me,  
 Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous *Scythian*,  
 Or he that makes his generation meſſes  
 To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſome  
 Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releu'd,  
 As thou my ſometime Daughter.  
 Kent. Good my Liege.  
 Lear. Peace Kent,  
 Come not betwene the Dragon and his wrath,  
 I lou'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt  
 On her kind nurſery. Hence and avoid my ſight:  
 So be my graue my peace, as here I giue  
 Her Fathers heart from her; call *France*, who ſtirres?  
 Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albania*,  
 With my two Daughters Dowres, diſturb the third,  
 Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſſe, marry her:  
 I doe inueſt you ioyntly with my power,  
 Preheminence, and all the large effects  
 That troope with Maieſty. Our ſelfe by Monthly courſe,  
 With reſeruatiſon of an hundred Knights,  
 By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode  
 Make with you by due turne, onely we ſhall retaine  
 The name, and all th' addition to a King: the Sway,  
 Reuennaw Execution of the reſt,  
 Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,  
 This Coronet part betwene you.  
 Kent. Royall Lear,  
 Whom I haue euer honour'd as my King,  
 Lou'd as my Father, as my Maſter follow'd,  
 As my great Patron thought on in my prayers.  
 Le. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the ſhaft.  
 Kent. Let it fall rather, though the ſorke inuade  
 The region of my heart, be Kent vnmanly,  
 When *Lear* is mad, what wouldſt thou do old man?  
 Think'ſt thou that dutie ſhall haue dread to ſpeake,  
 When power to flattery bowes?  
 To plaining the honour's bound,  
 When Maieſty falls to folly, reſerue thy ſtate,  
 And in thy beſt conſideration checke

This hideous raſhneſſe, anſwere my life, my iudgement:  
 Thy yongſt Daughter do's not loue thee leaſt,  
 Nor are thoſe empty hearted, whoſe low ſounds  
 Reuerbe no hollowneſſe.  
 Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.  
 Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawne  
 To wage againſt thine enemies, nere feare to looſe it,  
 Thy ſafety being motiue.  
 Lear. Out of my ſight.  
 Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me ſtill remaine  
 The true blanke of thine eie.  
 Lear. Now by *Apollo*,  
 Lear. Now by *Apollo*, King  
 Thou ſwear'ſt thy Gods in vaine.  
 Lear. O Vaſſall I Miſcreant.  
 Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbeare.  
 Kent. Kill thy Phyſition, and thy fee beſtow  
 Vpon the ſoule diſeaſe, reuoke thy guiſt,  
 Or whilſt I can vent clamour from my throat,  
 Ile tell thee thou doſt euill.  
 Lear. Heare me recreant, on thine allegiance heare me:  
 That thou haſt ſought to make vs breake our vowes,  
 Which we durſt neuer yet; and with ſtrain'd pride,  
 To come betwixt our ſentences, and our power,  
 Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;  
 Our potencie made good, take thy reward.  
 Fiue dayes we do allot thee for prouiſion,  
 To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world,  
 And on the ſixt to turne thy hated backe  
 Vpon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following,  
 Thy baniſht trunk be found in our Dominions,  
 The moment is thy death, away. By *Jupiter*,  
 This ſhall not be reuok'd,  
 Kent. Fare thee well King, ſith thou wilt appeare,  
 Freedome liues hence, and baniſhment is here;  
 The Gods to their deere ſhelter take thee Maid,  
 That iuſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid:  
 And your large ſpeeches, may your deeds approve,  
 That good effects may ſpring from words of loue:  
 Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all adew,  
 Hee'l ſhape his old courſe, in a Country new. Exit.

Flourish. Enter Gloſter with France, and *Burgundy*, Attendants.

Cor. Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.  
 Lear. My Lord of *Burgundy*,  
 We firſt addreſſe toward you, who with this King  
 Hath riuald for our Daughter; what in the leaſt  
 Will you require in preſent Dowre with her,  
 Or ceaſe your queſt of Loue?  
 Bur. Moſt Royall Maieſty,  
 I craue no more then hath your Highneſſe offer'd,  
 Nor will you tender leſſe?  
 Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,  
 When ſhe was deare to vs, we did hold her ſo,  
 But now her price is fallen: Sir, there ſhe ſtands,  
 If ought within that little ſeeming ſubſtance,  
 Or all of it with our diſpleaſure piec'd,  
 And nothing more may ſuly like your Grace,  
 Shee's there, and ſhe is yours.  
 Bur. I know no anſwer.  
 Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities the owes,  
 Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,  
 Dow'd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,  
 Take her or leave her.

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,  
 Election makes not vp in ſuch conditions.  
 Le. Then leaue her fir, for by the powre that made me,  
 I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,  
 I would not from your loue make ſuch a ſtray,  
 To match you where I hate, therefore beſeech you  
 Tauer your liking a more worthier way,  
 Then on a wretch whom Nature is aſham'd  
 Almoſt acknowledge hers.  
 Fra. This is moſt ſtrange,  
 That ſhe whom euen but now, was your obieſt,  
 The argument of your praiſe, balme of your age,  
 The beſt, the deereſt, ſhould in this trice of time  
 Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle  
 So many folds of fauour: ſure her offence  
 Muſt be of ſuch vnatural degree,  
 That monſters it: Or your fore-youcht affection  
 Fall into raine, which to beleue of her  
 Muſt be a faith that reaſon without miracle  
 Should neuer plant in me.  
 Cor. I yet beſeech your Maieſty.  
 If for I want that glib and oylie Art,  
 To ſpeake and purpoſe not, ſince what I will intend,  
 Ile do't before I ſpeake, that you make knowe  
 It is no vicious blot, murder, or ſouleneſſe,  
 No vnchaſte action or diſhonoured ſtep  
 That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and fauour,  
 But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,  
 A ſill ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,  
 That I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,  
 Hath loſt me in your liking.  
 Lear. Better thou had'ſt  
 Not bene borne, then not to haue pleas'd me better.  
 Fra. Is it but this? A tardineſſe in nature,  
 Which often leaues the hiſtory vnſpoke  
 That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*,  
 What ſay you to the Lady? Loue's not loue  
 When it is mingled with regards, that ſtands  
 Aloofe from th'intire point, will you haue her?  
 She is herſelfe a Dowrie.  
 Bur. Royall King,  
 Giue but that portion which your ſelfe propos'd,  
 And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,  
 Dutcheſſe of *Burgundy*.  
 Lear. Nothing, I haue ſworne, I am firme.  
 Bur. I am ſorry then you haue ſo loſt a Father,  
 That you muſt looſe a husband.  
 Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,  
 Since that reſpect and Fortunes are his loue,  
 I ſhall not be his wife.  
 Fra. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich being poore.  
 Moſt choiſe forſaken, and moſt lou'd deſpis'd,  
 Thee and thy vertues here I ſeize vpon,  
 Be it lawfull I take vp what's caſt away.  
 Gods, Gods! 'Tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect  
 My Loue ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect.  
 Thy dowreleſſe Daughter King, throwne to my chance,  
 Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:  
 Not all the Dukes of watryſh *Burgundy*,  
 Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.  
 Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde,  
 Thou looſeſt here a better where to finde.  
 Lear. Thou haſt her *France*, let her be thine, for we  
 Haue no ſuch Daughter, nor ſhall euer ſee  
 That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,  
 Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:

Come Noble *Burgundie*. Flourish. Exeunt. He V  
 Fra. Bid farewell to your Siſters.  
 Cor. The Jewels of our Father, with waſh'd eie  
*Cordelia* leaues you, I know you what you are,  
 And like a Siſter am moſt loth to call  
 Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:  
 To your profeſſed boſomes I commit him,  
 But yet alas, ſtood I within his Grace,  
 I would prefer him to a better place,  
 So farewell to you both.  
 Regn. Preſcribe not vs our dutie.  
 Gon. Let your ſtudy  
 Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you  
 At Fortunes aimes, you haue obedience ſeanted,  
 And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.  
 Cor. Time ſhall vnfold what plighte cunning hides,  
 Who couers faults, at laſt with ſhame derides:  
 Well may you proſper.  
 Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia*. Exit *France* and *Cor*.  
 Gon. Siſter, it is not little I haue to ſay,  
 Of what moſt neerely appertaines to vs both,  
 I thinke our Father will hence to night. (with vs.  
 Reg. That's moſt certaine, and with you: next moneth  
 Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the ob-  
 ſervation we haue made of it hath bene little; he alwaies  
 lou'd our Siſter moſt, and with what poore iudgement he  
 hath now caſt her off, appears too groſſely.  
 Reg. 'Tis the iuſtroy of his age, yet he hath euer but  
 ſlenderly knowne himſelfe.  
 Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath bin but  
 raſh, then muſt we looke from his age, to receiue not a-  
 lone the imperfections of long ingreſſed condition, but  
 therewithall the vnuly way-wardneſſe, that infirme and  
 cholericke yeares bring with them.  
 Reg. Such vnconſtant ſtars are we like to haue from  
 him, as this of *Kents* baniſhment.  
 Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking be-  
 twene *France* and him, pray you let vs ſit together, if our  
 Father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſition as he beares,  
 this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend vs.  
 Reg. We ſhall further thinke of it.  
 Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i'th' heate. Exeunt.

### Scena Secunda.

Enter *Baſtard*.

Baſt. Thou Nature art my Goddeſſe, to thy Law  
 My ſeruices are bound, wherefore ſhould I  
 Stand in the plague of cuſtome, and permit  
 The curioſity of Nations, to deprive me?  
 For that I am ſome twelue, or fourteene Moonſhines  
 Lag of a Brother? Why *Baſtard*? Wherefore baſe?  
 When my Dimensions are as well compact,  
 My minde as generous, and my ſhape as true  
 As honeſt Madams iſſue? Why brand they vs  
 With Baſe? With baſenes *Baſtardie*? Baſe, Baſe?  
 Who in the luſtie ſtealth of Nature, take  
 More compoſition, and fierce qualitie,  
 Then doth within a dull ſtale tyred bed  
 Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops  
 Got'tweene a ſleepe, and wake? Well then,  
 Legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt haue your land,  
 Our Fathers loue, is to the *Baſtard* *Edmond*,  
 As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.

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Well